



just once

intertwiningwords

just once by intertwiningwords

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Summary:

eddie & richie have both never had their first kiss.

just once

Author's Note:

guess who saw IT for the third time yesterday and is
literally obsessed? hint: it's me.
hope you enjoy!

Sure, spending your summer murdering a killer clown with your group of friends was fun. But Richie much preferred Eddie's company when they weren't in perilous situations.

After sticking up to his mother, Eddie had finally convinced her to let him do things he would previously never have been allowed to, such as having his best friend spend the night. It was no secret Mrs. Kaspbrack hated Richie, but neither him or Eddie really cared.

Drinking bottle after bottle of coke and watching bad movies with Eddie was exactly how Richie wanted to spend his summer, and his fall, and winter, and spring. It was how he wanted to spend the rest of his life, if that were realistic. But he wasn't really one for living in reality.

"This movie is lame," he said, taking a sip of his soda and leaning back against the couch. His attention span was way too short to watch a movie, unless it captured his attention quickly. So obviously, nobody enjoyed watching movies with him.

"You picked it," Eddie replied, giving him an annoyed look. They were only five minutes in, and Richie had already found reason to complain.

"I didn't realize it was gonna suck so bad. Otherwise I wouldn't have picked it."

"Oh, beep beep, Richie."

Richie stuck his tongue out, mature as ever.

Another five minutes of the movie went by before Richie opening his mouth again.

“Wait, is this is supposed to be a comedy?”

“It’s funnier than any of your jokes,” Eddie replied, not even bothering to look up at him.

Hand over his heart, Richie pretended to be deeply offended. “I’m wounded, Eds. How could you say such a thing?”

“I’m just being honest. And don’t call me Eds.”

“You love it when I call you that, don’t lie,” Richie teased, reaching out to pinch his cheek. “And you love my jokes.”

Eddie batted his hand away, but there was a smile fighting its way onto his face. “Keep telling yourself that, Trashmouth.”

They both laughed, their playful bickering forgotten moments later.

Richie scooted closer to him on the couch. Eddie let his head fall to the side and rest on his shoulder. This wasn’t unusual, but it still made Richie’s cheeks flush pink. Eddie didn’t notice, thankfully.

The cool, tough main character in the movie was currently kissing his love interest with the pretty blonde hair. Richie rolled his eyes. Yuck. Why’d they have to ruin movies with sappy romance? Who wanted to sit around and watch couples kiss all day?

This time, Eddie was the one to break the silence. “Hey, Rich?”

“Yeah?”

“Have you ever, uh...have you had your first kiss yet?”

The question took Richie aback. As much as he loved to joke about being such a player, tease his friends for being virgins, he hadn’t even kissed anyone yet. Not that any girl in school would look twice at him, nor had he looked twice at any girl. But he wasn’t going to lie to his best friend. “No. Why? Have you?”

“No, I haven’t either. I was just...curious.”

“Curious about what?”

“About...what it feels like, I guess.”

“Oh.”

Awkward silence filled the room. Eddie sat back, fiddling with his fingers. It was weird, someone who was so afraid of germs being interested in probably one of the easiest ways to spread them from person to person.

When Richie looked up at him, he saw he was blushing too. He'd never seen Eddie look at girls either. He never even talked about them, unlike Bill or Ben who both never seemed to shut up about how beautiful Bev was.

Richie thought Bev was pretty too. He liked her hair, and her smile. But he would never want to kiss her. Ugh. Gross. She was just a friend.

He looked twice at Eddie though.

He looked at Eddie a lot. Even Stan had pointed it out to him on more than one occasion, to which he'd replied by telling Stan to shut the fuck up.

“I mean...I could kiss you,” he blurted out before he could stop himself. Smooth, Richie, smooth.

“Oh, c'mon, shut up,” Eddie replied quickly, but his freckled face turned even redder. He looked cute when he blushed.

“I'm serious!” Richie said. “To see what it feels like, you know? Just this once.”

“Just once?”

“Yeah, just once.”

Eddie bit his lip nervously, eyeing the door to the living room that he knew his mom could walk through any minute. It was getting late though, she was probably already asleep...And he'd thought about this exact scenario too many times before to turn down the chance. So, he nodded.

Richie's breath caught in his throat. "Okay."

Neither of them had any fucking idea what to do. They moved over again, facing each other this time and brought their faces close enough so that their noses were touching. They could probably count all the freckles on each other's faces if they wanted too. Eddie closed his eyes, so Richie did too. And then he went for it, pushing their lips together.

Their heads bumped together a little, so Eddie tilted his head to the side. Richie's hand found the small of Eddie's back and rested there, holding him so gently as if he would break any moment.

How did they describe kissing in the movies? Like fireworks, or feeling sparks fly. That was all bullshit. There was no metaphor for how Richie felt then and there, clumsily pressing his chapped lips against his friend's in the dark living room, illuminated only by the television, still playing the cheesy movie which they had long forgotten by that point.

Unfortunately, breathing was a necessity, and they had to pull away eventually. Their one kiss, over as quickly as it started.

"Wow," was all Eddie said.

"Wow," Richie replied.

They both giggled, going quiet.

"You know, uh...maybe we should do it...one more time. For practice, obviously."

Richie grinned. "For practice."

They leaned in again, this time a little less messy, though still not quite right. However, to them it was perfect.

Once turned into twice which turned into three, four, five times. Little did they know those five times would turn into a lifetime.